WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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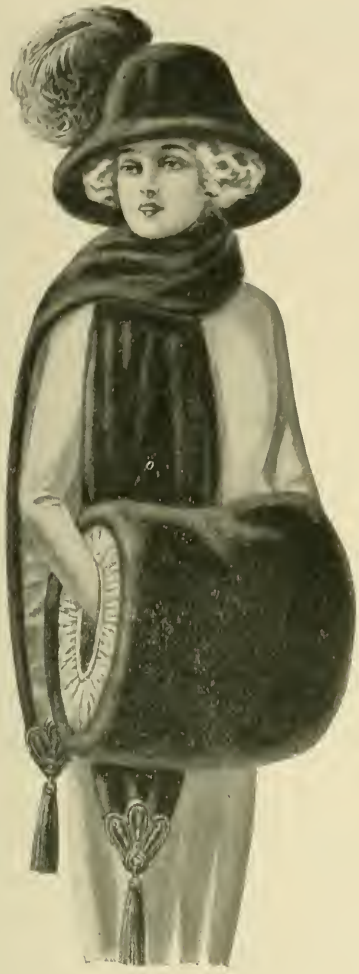

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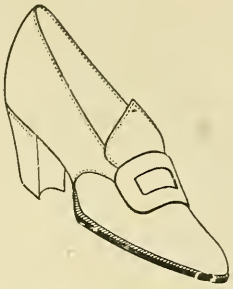

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The Wellesley College News

Entered at the Post Office in Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

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ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

COLLEGE AND VILLAGE.

It is with diffidence that a village resident seeks admission to the columns of a college publication. Only the desire to contribute something toward the mutual welfare of the college and the village could excuse the temerity.

This is not the traditional "Town and Gown" article, and so may prove disappointing. The village is not the town, and the village does not care particularly for college millinery. And, furthermore, there is an apparent antagonism in those two rugged monosyllables when made to face each other, quite out of harmony with the friendship existing between Wellesley College and Wellesley Village.

The village gave its name to the college, and later to the town; so the village has a sort of sponsorial right in the college, and is very proud of its namesake.

On the other hand, the college has given to the village a world-wide fame, and has put a wealth of new meaning into the word so happily coined by our village fathers. Thus the loan of the name "Wellesley" has been returned with compound interest. So bright is its lustre that every citizen feels under obligation to live up to it, on the principle noblesse oblige. It is with a feeling akin to college pride that a fellow-citizen faring forth into the regions beyond, appends to his name with a single pen-stroke the uncrossed and undotted word that proclaims his distinguished residence and is in itself a passport to the Commonwealth of Culture.

Beside this cordial interchange of name and fame, both village and college are mutual sharers in valued privileges. The village provides for the college a local setting which well harmonizes with the rolling, wooded, lake-bordered campus. We offer you tidy and convenient approaches. Our railway station, embowered in shubbery, with open park adjoining, prepares the college visitor for the greater glories farther on. Our village streets and roadways are well kept, our walks and drives are inviting. Our modest business centre seems an importation from spotless town, and its well-furnished shops and tea-rooms are cheerfully surrendered to the college battalions that make their daily four-o'clock invasion. Into the streets of what other town would the careful college mother dismiss her unprotected daughters to roam at will, bareheaded and free, rejoicing as only students released from the class-room know how to rejoice, and with none to molest or make afraid?

And surely the village is hospitable toward the college. Scores of her thrifty homes—whole streets of them, in fact—are positively urgent in their invitations, not for mere week-end visits, but for year-ends. To be sure, the arrangement needs to be mutual; but once this little detail is cared for, the village may be considered for practical purposes as a convenient college extension. Whatever we have we are ready to share,—on very reasonable terms.

Per contra, the college plentifully supplies the village with atmosphere. And atmosphere is what all plebeian towns lack. Air they may have, and uproar, and glaring prosperity; but the subtle, refining, soft-tinted glow such as my artist-neighbor so skilfully throws over his paintings, pertains only to localities like our own, in which the influence of a great literary institution is pervasive. It is a potency hard to describe, but it is felt by all who live here, and is noticed by observant strangers. The college atmosphere is inbreathed, unconsciously but vitally, and it distinctly affects and improves the social life of the village. We are a shade more conservative than some of our civic neighbors, more tenacious of old ways and things, more orderly and systematic in our habits. Our entertainments are sedate, impulsive movements are held in check, and social life seeks to follow classic models. And there is no assignable reason for this difference except the benign and academic influence of the college.

An old citizen informed the writer during the Freshman period of his residence here, that the products of Wellesley are three; sand, girls and violets. The village furnishes the sand, the college the girls and the girls wear the violets. Wellesley without the girls, Wellesley during the long summer solstice, is—quiet, to put it mildly. Tea-rooms are closed, purveyors of ice-cream, pickles and confectionery are despondent, the fleet of station carriages is moored fast to the sidewalk . . . . . Then comes a glorious day in autumn when a through express halts at our station, and presto! The village bursts into brilliant bloom. The college gives life to the village.

To these significant contributions must be added personality. We of the village are not acquainted with all the members of the Faculty, though the new and approved method of building artistic cottages for their residence, in favored localities, is happily increasing the sense of neighborliness. Those who live among us as fellow-citizens are becoming closely identified with what is best in our community life; and the blending of professional, commercial, literary and cultural interests gives to Wellesley a social personality that is unique and distinguished.

Furthermore, we of the village receive from the college many special privileges. We need not leave home to hear eminent preachers, lecturers, musicians. The hospitality of the college is most generous. We are made to feel at home in her halls, her chapel, her library, her art gallery. Functions of varied pattern,—classic, artistic, domestic,—are freely opened to our citizens, and more and more noticeable is the sprinkling of mankind where womankind predominates. The great scenic festivals annually attract hundreds of our townspeople who, learning wisdom by experience, are among the first to reach the campus. And from the honored President down, members of the Faculty have been ready to respond to local appeals for personal aid and service.

In this mutual interchange of courtesies, a fair balance should be maintained. The village is ready to do everything possible to further the interests of the college. Our Village Improvement Society will welcome any suggestions coming from the campus. The village churches are always glad to be of service to the college. The village and the town are loyal to their college; and the traditional friendship may safely be tested, whenever occasion arises.

Granting that the village receives more than it gives, and that the balance of service inclines toward the college, we may, nevertheless, ask if the college can do more for the village, since ability and opportunity fairly measure the amount of service reasonably expected of one, and since the true spirit of Wellesley College is faithfully expressed in her altruistic and Christian motto.

We have in this community little need of material assistance. Our people, in the main, are self-supporting and prosperous. There is no demand for the type of social service that centers in the crowded tenement. And yet, Wellesley has needs that the college could well minister unto. One such need is a social stimulus that shall be both recreative and instructive. Club life, in our end of the town at least, has never been popular. What really "goes" in Wellesley is connected with business, with housekeeping, with church and with college. This state of things is by no means deplorable, but it leaves something to be desired, and in the opinion of the writer, this lack would be fully met

if the college would plan a series of lectures, not too technical in character, to be given in the village centre, and open to all who would attend.

For example: the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education could offer a course in Practical Gymnastics that would be of great benefit to citizens whose only daily exercise is the walk to and from the railway station, or wearily climbing stairs at home. A course in Folk Dancing would delight the Wellesley children. The Department of Botany would readily find a group of people eagerly welcoming instruction on the subject of Bacteria as related to household life. Some special study of local Flora would be particularly attractive. A course in Social Economics would be timely and of great value to the community. The Department of English Literature could interest our intelligent residents in any one of a score of attractive subjects. And this list might be drawn out at great length.

Several years ago a course of lectures was offered to our citizens by a group of college teachers, and the well-filled chemical lecture room attested the appreciation of the people. We are glad to avail ourselves of such cultural opportunities, and I have no doubt as to the immediate success of a well-planned series of brief and popular college extension courses. The details could be worked out, it may be suggested, in co-operation with the Village Improvement Society, and subjects chosen with such care and consideration that the tax need not be severe upon the time and strength of those of the Faculty willing to assist in the undertaking. Whatever expense might be involved would, of course, be met by the beneficiaries. If this plan meets with approval and is found to be practicable, it would enable many of us villagers, who are half envious of the happy girls who come to Wellesley, to tarry for a time and fly away laden with honey, to become students ourselves, and to share, however imperfectly and modestly, the wealth of good things with which our great and growing college overflows. The only degree we should aspire to is the Q. G. L. degree—which, being interpreted, means Quiet, Grateful Listener. But this also would happen; a new and strong rivet would be fastened in the golden link, binding together in lasting friendship, college and village.

William W. Sleeper.

WELLESLEY'S SHARE IN THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE.

It is now fifteen years since I visited San Sebastian, the charming summer residence of the Spanish court, and saw the International Institute for Girls. We had been traveling with Anna F. Webb, Wellesley, 1882, who was a member of the Faculty of the institute, and she introductd us to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gulick. These devoted missionaries went to Spain in 1872, just after the great revolution, which expelled Queen Isabella and her corrupt ministers, had given the country constitutional government, freedom of worship, and popular education. The American Board of Foreign Missions sent Mr. Gulick to Spain with the hope that in the general emancipation of thought and action, he would find a hearing for the Protestant faith. For twenty-five years, these two gifted souls worked against heavy odds. But the death of Alphonso XII and the regency of Maria Christina, his reactionary queen, undid in large measure the achievements of the revolution. Bribery rendered the elections a farce, the press was gagged, liberty of worship was reduced to a travesty, the Jesuit order was reinstated, and education, from the parish schools to the universities, was placed under the control of the clergy. Notwithstanding these handicaps, Mr. Gulick has succeeded in establishing eight mission churches and a flourishing branch of the Christian Endeavor Society. The fairest fruit of this long travail, however, was the school for girls which Mrs. Gulick founded. The first classes met in the Gulick home at Santander, but in 1882, the home and the school were removed to San Se-

bastian, where more commodious quarters gave opportunity for lecture halls and laboratories, and a larger number of students.

The Spanish institute corresponds to the German gymnasium, a preparatory school that carries its students as far as the close of our Sophomore year. To give Spanish girls a chance to get this measure of education, Mrs. Gulick several times visited the United States and England, enlisting teachers, and gathering the means with which to equip library and laboratories. Miss Webb from Wellesley, Miss Bushee and Miss Barbour from Mount Holyoke, were among the first of the American college graduates to give themselves to this service. It was the first opening for a thorough-going education these Spanish girls had ever known and eagerly did they respond. They devoured Latin declensions, revelled in geometrical problems and faced examinations with enthusiasm. These are set by the government for all the institutos in the land; at that time they were conducted orally and the interested were invited to attend. The candidate walked up to the desk where the three examiners sat, fished out from a big urn three wooden disks with numbers on them and proceeded to answer viva voce all the topics in the three lessons of the year's programme corresponding to these numbers. Every course of study, (Arithmetic or Physics, French or Agriculture), had its own printed programme and outside questions were rarely asked.

So well trained were the students of the International Institute that they passed these examinations with distinguished success. Year after year, the majority of Mrs. Gulick's niñas received the highest grade—sobre saliente, excelling.

Having demonstrated that girls could achieve the degree of B. A., given at the end of the institute course, Mrs. Gulick determined to invade the University. In 1897, two of her students went up to Madrid to take the examinations of the classical school. Fortunately, there was no law nor academic decree to prevent women from presenting themselves for the M. A. degree. The two girls stood the test remarkably well, giving answers clear and prompt, so that the judges not only awarded the sobre saliente grade, but commended the quality of the instruction that had produced such results. The girls were delighted to find hanging on the wall of one of the corridors, the portrait of a young woman who had taken these same examinations in the sixteenth century. The fact that women had not only taken the university degree, but lectured in its halls had long been forgotten, however, and the appearance of these señoritas created an immense sensation. As the girls with their chaperone left the building, the men formed in two lines on each side of the staircase, threw down their cloaks and caps for them to walk upon, and sang the royal march in their honor.

To understand how much this victory meant, one must know how restricted are the opportunities of girlhood in Spain. Professor Katharine Lee Bates, who spent the winter of 1898-9 in Spain, has written thus: "Love and religion are the only subjects with which a señorita is expected to concern herself, and the life of the convent is often a second choice. Even when a Spanish girl wins her crown of wifehood and motherhood, her ignorance and poverty of thought tell heavily against the most essential interests of family life." "Wandering over Spain I found everywhere these winning, vivid, helpless girls, versed in needlework and social graces, but knowing next to nothing of history, literature, science, all that pertains to culture. Some were hungry to learn. More did not dream of the world of thought as a possible world for them. Among these it was delightful to meet, scattered like precious seed throughout the Peninsula, the graduates of the International Institute. So far as a stranger could see, education had enhanced in them the Spanish radiance and charm, while arming these with wisdom, power and resource."

Mrs. Gulick's ambition was to remove her institute to the capital, the center of influence, intellectual as well as political, where are the great galleries, the best libraries, and the chief university. After long and strenuous effort, funds were secured for the purchase of commodious quarters in the best residence quarter of Madrid, at Calle Fortuny 21. A roomy palacio and charming garden made a delightful beginning for this woman's college, and there has since been built an academic hall, with ample class rooms, laboratories, library and assembly room,—the Alice

Gordon Gulick Memorial Hall. Hardly had the removal been effected, however, when Doña Alicia, the inspiration and the hope of Spanish girls, her strength exhausted by her long labors in their interest, laid down her life. The memory of her service for the uplifting of womanhood in that far-a-way land, imposes a sacred obligation on all who knew her to further her work.

What share has Wellesley had in this achievement? Some of us remember Mrs. Gulick's visits to Wellesley. She was eager that American girls should sympathize and co-operate with her endeavor, and to this end she went to one after another of our women's colleges. Her vivid and beautiful face, her quick sense of humor and her high ideals for womanhood, gave her plea compelling force, and generously have Wellesley students responded. Some years ago, the alumnæ collected a fund of five hundred dollars for the furnishing of the directora's office, and there hang to-day in the ante-room where parents bring their daughters to discuss terms of entrance to the institute, several large and attractive photographs of Wellesley College. At first the officers of the Student Government Association assumed responsibility for providing a scholarship for one or more Spanish students, and right royally have they fulfilled their pledge. Over fifteen hundred dollars has been forwarded between the dates 1905 and June, 1911. Two years ago this charge was transferred to the Christian Association. Last year's contribution was three hundred and five dollars, and Miss Pillsbury's committee hopes to do even better this year.

But money contributions, important as they are, have not been Wellesley's best gift to the International Institute. We have given life as well. Alice Freeman Palmer was president of the Board of Directors during the most difficult years of its history, and she was succeeded by Samuel B. Capen, president of our Board of Trustees. Mrs. Palmer's faith in the institute and her unstinted service in its behalf are commemorated in a reading room fitted up by Professor Palmer, and her personal friends are contributing the books that she especially enjoyed. Susan D. Huntington, the present directora, is an honored graduate of Wellesley. The years she spent at the school while it was housed at San Sebastian and the later years in which she acted as dean of women at the University of Porto Rico, have equipped her for this larger task. Miss Huntington has the happy faculty of enlisting the co-operation of her friends in any enterprise on which she has set her heart, and several of these are now on the Faculty of the institute. Mary Rockwell, Miss Huntington's classmate, devoted a good part of the past summer and autumn to the task of verifying the bills and testing the contractors' estimates for Memorial Hall, a task for which her training as an architect had admirably fitted her. Emily Pitkin of the class of 1902, is spending this winter at the institute and is giving lavishly of her talent for music and dramatics.

On the other hand, we gratefully remember the return service which the International Institute has rendered to the Spanish students of Wellesley. Carolina Marcial, a graduate of the institute, was for four years our very engaging instructor of Spanish language and literature, and since she abandoned Wellesley for Porto Rico, this responsible post has been admirably filled by Alice H. Bushee, for fourteen years instructor and librarian at the institute.

KATHARINE COMAN.

GRADUATE WORK IN PHYSICS AND ASTRONOMY.

Chemistry and Physics are fundamental sciences, and since the NEWS is an open court for expression of individual opinion, the writer frankly records her judgment, in accord with that of many most thoughtful educators, that every college-bred person should somewhere in the course of his nine school years get the elements of each.

Chemistry tells him of the very stuff of which his own physical self and the world about him is built, and Physics of the forces which bind the elements together and hold them to the spinning earth, and the spinning earth to its central life-giving sun; of the heat which warms him, the sound by which he communicates with his fellows, the light which with its braided strands of color delights his eye, the electricity which ministers to his well-being in a thousand ways. And what can be said of the person who calls himself cultured, but has no sense of proportion in the universe; who knows something of the moral law, but nothing of Kant's second most sublime thing, the Starry Sky.

One cannot study everything in four college years, but some subjects can be better postponed to later days than sciences which require not only books but costly apparatus to make their principles clear. The writer wishes she had kept record of the students who have expressed to her, near the end of their college course, sincere regret that they had reluctantly taken their required science in Senior year, and found out their mistake when too late.

But there are always possibilities ahead, and for alumnæ of this and other colleges who have neglected Chemistry and Physics, but have some Mathematics, there is graduate work in the Astronomy of Measurement and Position. This includes practical work in the observatory with that superb instrument of precision, the prismatic transit. To "take stars" with this for time or latitude with clock and chronograph in circuit, and watch them make their silent march across the field by the earth's motion, is fascinating beyond words. Then there is the calculation of orbits and other grand applications of mathematics.

Our observatory, by the generosity of Mrs. Whitin and the kindly co-operation of the directors of some of the research observatories is equipped for a wide range of graduate work in Astrophysics. In this the evening work at the telescope is more independent and includes continued observations of satellite systems, measurements with the micrometer, record of sunspots, records of variable stars and the like. But the photographic plate brings the whole sky into the observatory for daytime study. We have plates for practice study of the light curves of variable stars, of the velocity with which stars are approaching and receding, for the classification of the stars by their spectra. Our library is rich in the original papers on all subjects.

Moreover, for thesis work we enjoy the co-operation of Harvard Observatory and its photographic library presided over by Miss Annie T. Cannon (Wellesley, '84).

Just now eighty plates of a single star of "peculiar" and variable spectra, taken at different times at the Observatory of Arequipa, South America, are being studied by a graduate student to find out, if possible, what is happening in a remote system.

Graduate work in Physics begins with the third year, which is a study of modern theories and the evidence for them, with intensive laboratory work. Mathematical Physics must come in, if Physics is the major, and specialized research work leading to a thesis. Our equipment is constantly increasing for such work, and already some of a high character is to the credit of the department. Graduate work in Physics has this satisfaction that involves splendid use of the whole intellect, the mastering not only of books, but of things, for the technique of handling delicate apparatus is as fine as that of the æsthetic arts.

Graduate students mean a great deal of extra work for the professors, but it is work which they find most rewarding for its reach and its comradeship.

SARAH F. WHITING.

THE PHILADELPHIA SETTLEMENT AT WORK.

It was three years after the "Settlement trail" had been "blazed" in New York, as our President, Mrs. Thayer, so delightfully phrases it, that the Philadelphia Settlement began its own particular "blazing," and 1912 sees the twentieth milestone passed along this trail in the City of Brotherly Love. To call the path here an untrodden one is, however, not quite fair, for we followed in the steps of a local organization, which handed over to the College Settlements Association its building and its established work. Until 1899 this house was a center for many activities, when it was torn down to help make room for a neighborhood-park, and the Settlement moved around the corner to its present quarters at 433 Christian street.

For sixteen years Miss Anna Davies has been at the helm, and under her wonderful leadership the original small house has added to itself two adjoining ones; an old colonial mansion on Front street, some ten blocks away, has become a branch; the house next door, formerly a special school, lent after hours by the Board of Education, has been rented; and a good-sized property near Christian street has been purchased. The dream of a large, well-equipped neighborhood building, with a gymnasium, auditorium, laundry, model flat, and what not, is still unrealized, but the opportunities for usefulness of such a building certainly warrant its becoming a reality. When we consider that about five thousand people per week come into contact with our Settlement houses for regular appointments, and that the population in this crowded section of the city is one hundred and thirty thousand to the square mile, it does not seem too much to ask that money be given for expansion of the main plant and for purchase of the house next door to the Front-street branch. It is most encouraging to realize that acute need for more space signifies the Settlement's real hold upon the neighborhood; in the light of this knowledge, then, it is painful to feel that lack of funds alone is keeping us from touching many more lives in Southern Philadelphia.

For the most part the frequenters of our houses are of Jewish, Italian or Irish nationality, and occupations too numerous to mention are represented. To gain an idea of what part the Settlement plays in these differing life-dramas, a glance at some of the definite activities is valuable. There is a time and a place for those of widely varying ages, and almost any day would find the kindergartners supreme in the morning; boys and girls of school age appearing in the afternoon to play basket-ball or to exchange a book or picture at "library;" wage-earning young people and adults of mature age coming in the evening, perhaps to deposit some cash in "bank," perhaps to attend a club meeting, a dancing social, or an entertainment given by home or imported talent.

The club form of organization is exceedingly prevalent, as the spirit of self-government and co-operation can be best developed in this way, and crude though the result often seems, the discipline gained from contact with a house where order and courtesy are required must count for something. Then, too, there are the classes in sewing, in cooking, in basketry and in English for those strangers in our land so painfully in need of a speech medium, to say nothing of the tutoring done at sundry times to help someone eager for a higher form of education.

We are proud indeed to think that the Music School, where a piano or violin lesson may be had for twenty-five cents and in some cases for nothing, has become such a flourishing offshoot from the parent stem that it has struck root for itself; in other words, it has developed into a separate organization, absorbing for its own use a whole house belonging to the Settlement! Among the many young musical aspirants there are some with real talent, as the pupil recitals have shown, and the enthusiastic director—formerly a first violinist in the Philadelphia Orchestra—talks glowingly of the joy he finds in helping to satisfy this art hunger in those whose privileges have been all too few.

In our present zero weather the thought of the roof garden chills our blood, but a glimpse of the happy-faced, much be-sweatered and be-leggined youngsters at

school there, warms our spirits at least. Here is the city's first open-air school for children of tubercular tendencies, taught by a young woman who herself needs the outdoor life—a valuable health agency as well as a splendid example of co-operation with larger civic forces, for the Board of Education provides the instruction, Phipps Institute for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis the medical supervision and food, and the Settlement a place of meeting. The children stay from nine until five, studying, reciting, exercising, or doing handwork; at noon they are given a nourishing meal; and their homes are visited by the school nurse, who instructs the parents in personal hygiene and sanitation.

But the roof garden is really an alluring spot for everyone during the hot summer months, and the green plants in the midst of grimy walls make a cheerful background on a warm evening for many a group of struggling English students or for many a jolly "party." Anyone who has ever given shower-baths and tried to keep in order the line of impatient applicants, knows the popularity of this method of "cooling off," and anyone who has ever doled out to clamoring hands the tiny bunches of flowers sent by our country friends, knows the passionate eagerness with which these pitifully faint suggestions of summer loveliness are welcomed. The yards with swings and slide-boards afford a more tolerable place to play than the dirty, sweltering street in hot weather, and the rest yard for babies with its sixty little hammocks has saved many a baby from being mercilessly dragged around and many a small "big sister" from being the necessary "beast of burden."

The out-of-town work, is, however, the most satisfying form of summer activity, for here, in spite of the close proximity of numerous railroad tracks, are green grass and trees, and the length of time spent together by various groups under one roof makes possible a training in co-operative domestic life otherwise out of the question. Shared dish washing and floor mopping prove by no means unendurable, and the "shirk," though always present, usually learns in time that his policy ministers to his own discomfort by disturbing the "social equilibrium." Chalkley Hall, a spacious old homestead, once celebrated in song by the poet Whittier as a blessed retreat,

"From crowded street and red wall's
weary gleam,"

is still a summer retreat offering even yet the welcome of its hospitable roof to those who toil in heated places, and is to-day celebrated again in song by the loyal members of its household as:

"That dear old Chalkley Hall,
That dear old Chalkley Hall,
That dear old Chalkley Hall we love so well.
Airy windows had no pane,
Ancient roof let in the rain,
Still—that dear old Chalkley Hall we love so well."

Besides the Country Club with its household of from twenty to thirty, its boating and swimming, its four or five picnics a week, and its week-end parties, the Settlement was given for two or three years the use of a cottage at Ocean City during several weeks, and now, in the place of this, a similar privilege in the use of a farm near Westtown has been generously extended.

Someone has characterized the Philadelphia Settlement as a place where many widely differing things are all going on at the same time, and surely this variety in the expression of the social spirit makes the underlying unity all the more vital, since it makes it more inclusive.

ELEANOR P. MONROE, 1904.

THE HISTORY OF FIFTY DOLLARS.

Some years ago, a wise hearted officer of the college placed with the Students' Aid Society, fifty dollars, to be loaned each year to some Senior who should need the help, with the understanding that the money should be paid within the first year after graduation, and thus released for the use of another Senior. Ten Seniors in successive years have had the benefit of this privilege. In most cases, the student's course had been one of continued struggle for the necessary means. Sometimes, the course had begun under prosperous circumstances, but a shadow had fallen later over the family life. In every case, the beneficiary was one who had been proved to be one to need aid and to be thoroughly worthy of it.

Let us see what this history has been. In the first place, it is noteworthy that the loan has always been promptly paid. Only once has it been necessary to urge an earlier payment. Once or twice, the payment has been made as early as October of the year after graduation, showing that the first money earned was used for the purpose.

Secondly, all of these former students of the college are active and engaged in some useful occupation. Two have married and are presiding over their own households. Four, at least, are holding positions in high schools, with every prospect of increasing value to the profession. One, whose parents were both college graduates, had from childhood learned to distinguish what is worth while, and when narrower means came to a large family, this young student from the beginning of her course was able to do for herself, and even for others. Immediately after graduation, she found work, or rather work found her. Native executive ability and capacity placed her at the head of a business enterprise, and within a few months she has been appointed to an educational position, which brings into play experience in household management and supply. All through these years of activity and responsibility, this former student has remained in perfect health, a support and encouragement to all around her.

Another entered college from a country home, and worked for her board in a private family in the town of Wellesley. The years of her course were those of a vastly widening outlook, and a deepening of conviction and character, with the forming of a definite aim for future work. A scholarship in a theological seminary was offered her, and she has now completed that course in preparation for work in the mission field. Another, a daughter of the South, made the most strenuous effort for her own support in college. Her summers were especially toilsome. After graduation, she entered settlement work. Subsequently she married, but her new cares and interests have not prevented her from engaging again in settlement work, this time in a Southern city.

Another recipient, turning all to advantage, achieved a special summer course after graduation, and thus began teaching with resources which without the loan would have been unattainable.

This is the history of one fifty dollars. The story of many another would be no less eventful. What the Students' Aid Society needs is a dower of many more gifts like this, not only to relieve the Senior year, but also to make the earlier years of the course less toilsome and more fruitful. Much has been done through this society and through the Loan Fund founded as an auxiliary to the work of the society by alumnæ of the college, but much remains to be done. The self-helping student not only gives valuable time and strength to work for pay, but she is, moreover, her own dressmaker, laundress, milliner and char-woman. The life is one of incessant demand. Unless fuller relief comes in the earlier years of her course, there is great danger that the call to service at the close will find her handicapped by an enfeebled body, and incomplete mental and social development. It should be noted also that not all enter college with the vigor of some of those who figure in this history. There is always, on the other hand, the young woman who is by nature highly organized and sensitive, capable of marked development, but needing the best conditions. This student with timely help is likely to gain in body as well as in mind, but the early years of her course

are critical. For such a one, aid in money is almost essential.

This sketch begins with the story of a loan, but it is not expedient that all aid should be in the form of loans. More money is needed for gifts also. Many students of the self-helping class come from homes where the pressure of debt is already warping the family life, and such should be defended from any measure which puts another mortgage upon the future. Moreover, it rarely happens that a young woman is seeking a college education solely for her own ends. Some younger brother or sister is to be sent to college as soon as she enters upon graduate bread winning; or a home is to be prepared as speedily as possible for parents or near relatives who can toil no more.

In the above an attempt is made to show the potency of small sums properly applied. One might go further, and tell of the inexpressible relief from care afforded by a timely ten dollars or even five. On the other hand, it may be said that no gift can be too large. The memorial scholarships founded soon after the opening of the college, have been succeeded by others, until the list in the calendar often leads the inexperienced observer to suppose that there must be ample means for all. The fact is, rather, that although apportioned with the greatest care, these scholarships fall far short of the need. The full and untrammeled development of future generations of students depends upon the increase and reinforcement of these scholarship funds, these guarantees of a college course which shall be consistent with itself.

To sum up, the work for self-helping young women students, once understood, would surely come within the interest and the means of all. Scholarships have their great and important functions, and no danger of too long a list as yet appears; smaller sums also, either for immediate and individual use, or for addition to the general funds of the Students' Aid Society, meet ever-existing needs, and are most gratefully received. The Loan Fund, auxiliary to the work of the society, is another channel for helpfulness, and appeals especially to those who believe that money should be distributed to students in loans rather than in gifts, and who like to have their contributions, even though they may be small, take on a permanent character.

(Signed)

MARY CASWELL,
Secretary of the Students' Aid Society,

EVELYN A. MUNROE, '97,
Acting Treasurer of the Wellesley College Loan Fund.

HOW A GIRL CAN HELP HERSELF THROUGH COLLEGE.

It has always caused me much amusement to hear sober, sensible people of this modern age, exclaim at the thought of a girl's working her way through college, apparently thinking it either a quixotic undertaking, or one fraught with hard labor, struggles against snobbishness, and bitter self-denial. Little, indeed, do such people know of Wellesley, where democracy and service are the vital forces swaying the whole college.

The year before I went to Wellesley there were positively no prospects ahead of me of enough money to defray even my Freshman tuition, but, as a result of conscientious endeavor, I received a loan of two hundred dollars from the "Students' Aid Fund" of the High School which I attended. I then borrowed two hundred dollars from a relative, for most people are glad to loan money for the sake of education, and so was ready to face the ordeal.

During my Freshman year I boarded at the Eliot, where each one of us had her share of the housework every day, never an onerous task. I found a comfortable single room in the village, for which I paid the small sum of one dollar and seventy-five cents a week, and where I had the privilege of laundry work. For economy's sake, I did all of my washing and ironing that year, bought as few books as possible, and most all of them at second hand. I also patronized the bulletin-board placed in the office of the Christian Association

by its "General Aid Committee," where, when I was in need of funds, I was able to find innumerable odd jobs, such as darning, mending, laundering shirt-waists, or copying themes. All of these tasks could be performed in spare moments and kept me supplied with money for the various incidentals that arose, and, too, for many of the modest sprees in which I indulged.

At the end of my first year, I was given, by the college, a scholarship of two hundred dollars, which was renewed each succeeding year. With this scholarship and a gift of a hundred dollars each year from a relative who was interested in my struggle, my tuition and board were thus secured, as I had been admitted to Fiske Cottage. During my last three years I did not undertake such heavy outside work, for my expenses were considerably less, but I simply worked when I was in need of money. My Sophomore year, through the courtesy of the Christian Association, I was given charge of the furniture exchange, by which I made approximately twenty-five or thirty dollars. After my first year I did only my ironing, and had my washing done every other week at the college laundry, "rough-dry," at a cost of five cents a pound, making my two weeks' wash average fifty cents.

I knew very few girls at college who had less money to live upon than I, and yet, I am sure, there was no one who led a happier, more wholesome life than mine. Never was I, in any way, made uncomfortable because I could not do everything the other girls did; and I never had to cut myself out of any of the usual activities of college because of the time I took to earn money, for such tasks as I undertook were all done in the spare moments so easily utilized if occasion demanded.

Personally, I think a girl who has worked her way through college, as a rule, comes out a hundred-fold richer for her experience. It was then that I first realized the overwhelming generosity of the more fortunate to those who have not their advantages. By such little acts as my Barnswallow ticket being sent to me every year by a classmate; some especially good books that I could not afford being offered as a gift "for friendship's sake;" by many urgent invitations to "complete a party" at the Inn;—by such acts of thoughtfulness and kindness, I learned to know the real meaning of the much-talked-of "Wellesley spirit." Faculty and students alike, unostentatiously and oftentimes secretly, reach out helping hands to her who earnestly and seriously attempts to defray the expenses of her college course; and it is the girl who has worked her way, I think, who can most sincerely and truthfully say that Wellesley, of all colleges, lives up to her motto, "Non Ministrari, sed Ministrare."

1910.

THE COST OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE LIFE.

The cost of an education at Wellesley College is not a fixed amount, but varies in the case of nearly every girl, depending to some extent on the girl herself, and more upon her family; for it is not only the income, but even more the standards of her family, modified in a degree by some rather fixed laws, which determines the expenses of girl in college.

The statistics gathered with a view to this consideration of a student's expenditures showed interesting facts; and the information which some girls volunteered in addition to figures, was of much assistance in confirming conclusions. The absence of any feeling of superiority because of wealth, or of inferiority for lack of it was very evident. Wellesley's claim of democracy seemed thoroughly justified.

The plan used in gathering these figures was, first to get their budgets from some students known to be spending freely, then from others known to be living on as little as possible, and afterwards from any girl who could furnish accurate data. Finally one college dormitory, where the girls seemed to be fairly representative in their expenditures, was thoroughly canvassed and as accurate a statement as possible gained from each girl as to what she had cost her family in the last year. College expenses, railroad fare, clothing and spending money were all counted in. Only the living expenses for the summer

vacation were omitted, since the family would probably have provided in the same way for the daughter's vacation, whether she had been in college or not.

Board and room at Wellesley have a fixed price, except in two houses where the girls do the housework. One hundred and fifty dollars a year is allowed for this work. With the one hundred and seventy-five dollars for tuition, a student's college payments, if she lives at Fiske or Eliot Cottage, amount to three hundred and fifty dollars for one year. Rooms in the regular residence halls are chosen by lot and there the charge is four hundred and fifty dollars. For Freshmen living in the village, board is a little higher, but no statistics were taken from them, for freshmen have not been in college long enough to be able to give any of value.

Before taking up the actual figures it is well to consider in what relation they should be judged. College education is becoming popular, and is sought almost as much by the sons and daughters of the rich as by those of the ambitious poor. The younger generation of Americans in the well-to-do-homes are being brought up at no small expense, so that a comparison of the sisters and cousins who are not being sent to college is necessary to judge fairly the budgets of the college girls. The very large increase in the amount spent at Wellesley to-day over what was spent twenty years ago must be noted comparatively too. Everything costs more in terms of money now than it did then. American families of very ordinary means now have fresh fruit on the table the year around, and have warm water in their bathrooms all the week. So the college must do likewise. A Sunday dress, a mackintosh and a bath robe in addition to an every-day dress, which rumor says was the conventional wardrobe at Wellesley in 1875, would be just as sufficient at that college to-day as it would be in any town in the country where a girl must do work outside her own home. The college standards reflect the home standards. There is some reaction, to be sure, but college standards influence home standards in the matter of expenditure less than in any other way.

For convenience the students at Wellesley are here divided into four classes, according to their expenditures. In the first class are those girls whose expenses for a year do not exceed $600.00. Such girls generally live in either Fiske or Eliot Cottage, at least during a part of their college course. Although accounts have not been gathered from every one of them, it is fair to say that almost every girl living in one of those dormitories would come in the first class. The charge for board, room and tuition, $300.00, thus forms at least half and usually more of the total expenses.

For the girls in the second class, those spending between $600.00 and $900.00 a year, the college payment of $450.00 means over 50 per cent. of the total, also. The freedom from household work in their dormitories and the extra $150.00 for clothes and other expenses makes a large difference in the financial problem of the two classes of girls. In the third class, that of girls costing from $900.00 to $1,200.00 a year, the college payment falls to 37½ per cent. of the total. And in the fourth class of those spending over $1,200.00 the $450.00 means anywhere from 20 to 35 per cent. of the total.

It is often claimed that the poor students generally do better work than the richer ones, and some interesting facts can be stated in that connection. To prove that the ten per cent. of Wellesley's students who live on less than $600.00 per year are not a "submerged tenth," by any means, the following figures are adequate. In 1906 twenty-eight per cent. of the Honor Scholarships were awarded to girls from this first class. Three of the four girls who received the highest elective college offices in 1905 were from the first class, and the fourth girl was from the second. The per cent. of students from the college at large who belonged to secret societies was twelve, and the per cent. from the first class was fourteen in 1906.

Girls in the second class whose expenses are between $600.00 and $900.00 per year are outside the class of poor girls. They are generally careful enough of their money to keep some accounts, but their budgets show some good clothes and a fair expenditure for books and pleasure. The college education of the girl in either of these two classes often means quite a drain on the resources of her family.

The girls in the last two classes are those

who would be named as having plenty of money. Their clothes are more expensive, their outings are more frequent, and there is usually noted the absence of any economical ways and means. In spite of the fun that is made of the bargaining and economical tendencies of women, it is true that they are of much value in college. Many girls living on $800.00 look as well and seem to have as much as girls with more than $1,000.00, because they are on the lookout to save money where they rather easily can.

The testimony of the richer girls as to the relative cost of having them in college or at home is of some value. Many of them agree that it is cheaper for their families to have them at Wellesley than at home. The saving is due mainly to the fact that girls in college feel sufficiently well dressed with fewer clothes than would be required if they were at home; also the travelling and entertaining which they would do, would more than equal the money for their college payments. The few girls who questioned this statement were those who had come to college quite young and had never been in society at home. Boarding-school life, most of the girls agree, is more expensive than college life. The payments for board and tuition are usually higher, and the expenses more for clothes and pleasure.

To determine what expenses are necessary is very difficult. The line between necessities and extras is never easy to draw. To include all clothing and laundry under necessities is quite as unfair as it is to put all books and incidentals under extras; since nearness to home and the family standard, as well as personal bent, determine for each girl the proportion of her money which shall go for each use.

In the Yale Review for May, 1901, under the title of "Personal Budgets of Unmarried People," is a paper dealing with the expenditures, primarily, of Yale students. The figures are now more than five years old, and it is probable that the actual amounts would be larger if the same work had been done in 1906-07. The aim of that paper was to get the percentages of various expenditures agreeing with or differing from Engel's Law; while this article aims more to find out how much money is being spent on,—or better term, invested in, the girls who are being trained to-day at Wellesley College.

Mr. William B. Bailey, who gathered the figures at Yale, groups his results quite differently from the way they are done here; but as it is a definite study of material so similar to this it is of value for comparison. All expenditures he puts under the headings of Necessities, Books and Stationery and Pleasure, and then he subdivides those items very carefully. Such a classification is too arbitrary to apply to Wellesley items of expenditure, because board, tuition and room rent are fixed, because all the clothes of a girl who has considerable money can not properly be called necessities, and because some expenditure for pleasure and incidentals is really required. There is much greater difference between the expenses of the richest and the poorest student at Yale than at Wellesley. No girl's expenses at Wellesley can come under $300.00 per year, and no girl spends over $3,000.00 per year, as one class at Yale reports. Girls have gone to college, of course, with less than that amount, but the money value of the outside work they did would make up the sum. The number of Wellesley students whose entire cost to their family exceeds or even reaches $2,000.00 is not one per cent., not ten girls in the entire college.

Although neither figures nor per cents. are at hand to confirm the statement, it is safe to assert that the expenditures divide themselves much as they would were the Yale man and the Wellesley girl living somewhere away from college, either supported by their parents, or earning the support; and the expenditures are very largely in keeping with the family standards.

This discussion of expenditures at Wellesley will not be complete without some inquiry as to the methods of dealing with money and the chances for earning it. The lack of any adequate idea of the value of money and the real cost of other things was noticed all too often. But that lack can be attributed to the parents of the girls and not the girls themselves. Such remarks as "Mother does not want me to give any thought to what my clothes cost;" and "Father will not put me on an allowance for fear I shall be worried by trying to live within it," were heard too often when the girls were questioned about their

expenses. The tendency of too many American men to keep the women in their families rather at sea in regard to money matters comes out in their dealings with their daughters who are at college. But many of the girls do keep accounts, and accurate ones, and an increasing number of students have a bank account which the cashiers of the Wellesley National Bank are teaching them to keep properly. The bank reported in 1906-07 one hundred and fifty girls, or thirteen per cent of the college, as having deposits there which they draw checks against; while another two hundred and fifty students have a deposit as an emergency fund, amounting usually to a little over their railway fare home.

Nothing has been said so far about scholarships at Wellesley College, but there are over fifty of them, some paying as high as $400.00 per year and others only $100.00. In the statistics gathered, money so received as well as money earned was counted in the total that the girl had spent in a year. The number of girls helping themselves is not very large. In 1906 there were two hundred and fifteen graduates, of whom ten per cent. were known to be earning money during their course, though not all of them seemed to be poor or lived in Fiske or Eliot Cottage.

It has already been stated that at least ten per cent. of the students live on less than $600.00 per year and that less than one per cent. spend over $2,000.00. To give the per cents. for the other classes without having figures from every girl is more difficult. Judging by the budgets from the one house where the most thorough canvass was made, and the result of much careful observation, it seems that the girls spending as much as $1,200.00 were another ten per cent. of the college, and that the remaining eighty per cent. of girls are quite evenly divided between those who have spent on them more or less than $900.00. It is safe to say that more than half of the Wellesley girls have less than a thousand dollars a year spent on them, and in many cases that amount is due to high railway fare or a few expensive clothes which are intended primarily for wear somewhere else than at college.

The conclusions, then, that can justly be drawn are, that between nine hundred and a thousand dollars is about the average sum yearly invested in each girl being trained in Wellesley College, that four-fifths of that amount is adequate if railway fare is not too high and expenditures can be made on the basis of college and not home standards, and that more than sixteen hundred is very rarely spent and then almost without exception by girls from the West and South.

All the girls are not wise nor careful in the way they spend their money, and not always considerate in their demands, but for that, college is not to blame. It is the fault of her home training, not of her college education, if a girl does not know what money is worth; and in general she knows more about it than her sister who does not come to college. Also the money invested in the girl in college is in general more beneficial to society and the next generation, and gives more real happiness and power for service in the world than the like amount spent on her sister at home, even when the girl will not have her own living to make nor use her college education as direct training for that end.

ALICE WALMSLEY, '06.

A PRESSING NEED.

In Ahmednagar, India, Dr. Ruth Hume, '97, has worked for seven years, virtually doing the work of three physicians. Dr. Eleanor Stephenson, '95, has been her associate and with two Indian assistants they have shouldered the responsibility of a large hospital and dispensary, with subsidiary clinics in neighboring villages. Dr. Hume, who has been on furlough in this country, sails for India July 3, and upon her arrival Dr. Stephenson leaves for her period of recuperation in America, which will doubtless require two years. This prospect means that for two years Dr. Hume will be the only foreign doctor in charge of a hospital and dispensary which treat over ten thousand people yearly. There is no other hospital for women in Ahmednagar or within forty miles of the city. For one woman to undertake such

a day and night task is to court breakdowns and possibly death itself. Thus, to safeguard the usefulness of the college missionary and to make economic usage of a good hospital equipment in an environment of inconceivable need, a third physician is an imperative necessity. Over against the imminence of this need presses the shortage of funds. The amount of money required for the yearly salary of the new physician is seven hundred and fifty dollars. Is it not reasonable to hope that a portion of this amount may be given by Wellesley alumnæ who are interested in supporting a fellow alumna in a great humanitarian labor? Any who may care to contribute yearly a definite sum to the salary of a medical colleague for Dr. Hume are invited to correspond with Ethel D. Hubbard, 32 Church street, Wellesley, Mass.

E. D. H., '99.

BOOK REVIEW.

"My Islands," verses by Mary Dillingham Frear, New York. Frank D. Beattys & Company, 1911.

The dainty gray volume of verse by Mrs. Frear disarms any and all criticism at once by the charm of its modest and elusive dedication, "To you, my spirit-kin." Of a truth, none but lover of bird and flower, moonbeams across wide waters, and "gleams and glooms of summer hours" need look within. Here are no subtle philosophies, no problems of social unrest, no propaganda of the suffrage, no scientific treatises under guise of poetry upon life or love, religion or art. On the contrary, the little volume is as full of peace as the ocean which laps its islands is said to be, and one turns restfully from newspaper, magazine or modern novel to "the edge of the world under the sun-steeped sky" and becomes, for the hour at least, utterly "content with calm."

Mrs. Frear knows her islands and loves them well. And there is more than a suggestion that she longs to keep them remote from the awakening which even now beats rudely upon their hither shore. The opening poem which names the book hints of the rush of modern life already heard in the Islands.

"On the edge of the world my islands wake,
And their languid sleep forsake,
They long to live,
And their all to give,
And the work of the world partake."

but the poem closes with the entreaty:

"On the edge of the world, dear islands, stay,
Far from the clamorous day,
Content with calm,
Hold peace and balm,
Be Isles of the Blest for aye!"

One never loses the locality of the poetry; it is ever in the background of consciousness, if not in the sight and sound of the lines.

A glance down the table of contents, a rapid turning of the pages, gives constant sense of Hawaii. Yet the verse is by no means merely descriptive. A subjective note runs through much of it, a purely personal emotion, such as "My Grief" expresses, perhaps as happily as any poem in the book.

'God gave to me a sealed prize
Marked "Grief. It is thine own.'
Foot-spurned it lay;
I turned away,
My heart already stone.

"At last, 'It is God's gift!' I cried.
Broke seal, and therein found
The golden key
Of sympathy
To mysteries profound."

Altogether, the little volume rings true and opens a refreshing vista of sea-swept spaces beyond the sunset; and if one wishes that certain poems had been omitted as something too clumsy of workmanship or too heedless of poetic phrase, one is only saying that even in Hawaii a poet sometimes falls into prose. M. C., '96.

THE STUDENT-ALUMNÆ BUILDING.

The Alumnæ Finance Committee for the Student-Alumnæ Building is about to send a very important message to all who love Wellesley. It is highly desirable to secure in the near future the money necessary for the Auditorium—the most needed part of the building. A circular explaining a very simple plan of work is to be sent at once to all alumnæ, the members of the Faculty, and undergraduates. It will also be sent to non-graduates as soon as we have the new record to furnish correct addresses.

Will not every loyal Wellesley woman give this matter her immediate attention and enthusuastic support? The building must become a reality within a very few years. This can be done in a surprisingly short time if every one will make herself responsible not only for her individual contributions, but also for extending information of Wellesley's urgent need among outside friends of the college.

Any one desiring extra copies of the circular for distribution may obtain them from the Wellesley Club Councillors appointed by the Graduate Council, or from Miss Alice Crary Brown, 19 Franklin street, Westfield, Mass., secretary of the committee.

Let us all work for this Auditorium Fund with energy, enthusiasm and promptness and see how large a sum can be pledged by Commencement to cheer us in our great endeavor.

MARY E. HOLMES, '92, Chairman,

ALICE CRARY BROWN, '08, Secretary.

A MESSAGE TO WELLESLEY FROM KATHARINE BRESHKOVSKYA.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE should feel itself honored and privileged to receive a personal greeting from that revered champion of Russian freedom, Katharine Breshkovskya. Last year the Social Study Circle sent letters to Madame Breshkovskya, who now, from her Siberian exile, sends us these inspiring words in reply. Madame Breshkovskya is known as "Babushka," or "Little Grandmother" by hundreds of young Russian men and women consecrated to the Cause of the People. Born of noble rank, she longed from girlhood to see the degraded people around her freed. She began by teaching the peasants on her estates, and identifying herself with other reforms; but when, after the emancipation of the serfs, the Russian government suppressed the efforts of the Liberals at education and reform, she threw in her lot with the Revolutionary party, and, leaving husband and child, passed in disguise among the peasants,—as two thousand educated men and women were also doing,—proclaiming their rights to freedom and justice.

In 1874 she was thrown into prison, where she remained in solitary confinement for two years, suffering intensely. In 1878 she was exiled to Siberia. Here she remained for over twenty years, experiencing at times such hardships, material and spiritual, as we find it hard to conceive. Her sentence expired, she returned to Russia to take up with indomitable spirit her former work. Still in pursuance of her aim, the strengthening of the revolutionary forces in Russia, she visited the United States a few years ago, and we had the joy of entertaining her as an honored guest at Denison House. Grey-haired, with face seamed by sorrows, she certainly was the gayest person we ever had in the house. Well I remember seeing her one day, arrayed in the little peasant kerchief and plain skirt she always wore, suddenly amazing me by beginning, apropos of nothing, to dance through the room, "Because," she explained, "it is so good to live." Her visit to Wellesley is fresh in many hearts. "You will not go back to Russia and get yourself arrested?" said a well-meaning person. "Why not?" she returned soberly. "I am growing an old woman; I am not much use. But if I am arrested and sent to Siberia, that will still be a little witness. So I may best serve the Cause."

So she is serving it. For she did return, and she was arrested, and through the long bitter Siberian winters she now lives in a little log hut, which possesses, as she assures us, excellent ventilation. She is the heart and center of that colony of political exiles which includes the flower of young Russia; and in mothering these exiles, especially the young men, her days are full. Her eager sympathy, her quick intellect, travel over all the world. And often she thinks of her friends in America, especially of those American women for whom she feels a sisterly love. To us at the settlement it was an abiding inspiration to find her swift recognition that our aims were one with hers, and that though we might be called on to suffer no such persecution as she had suffered, none the less were we united with her in the great international struggle for social justice.

This message is for all who love her at Wellesley; for all who would fain feel themselves near to her in the sacred service of the people.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Kirensk.

28 Yarnsar (10 February), 1912.

Wellesley College gave me one of the greatest relishes I ever experienced. When I was there in winter of 1904-5, I found a beautiful institution I ever saw. The establishment itself is a perfect one, furnished with all the improvements of the last word of pedagogie. But what charmed me most of all was the complect of teachers and pupils: so many young girls, that I cherish so heartily; a crowd of students so free in their manners and so decent in their behaviour. At first I was affright not to please, not to be taken as an old friend that has no other pretention as to be understood and suffered as a sincere being. But when, after the few words I spoke, I sat with my cup of tea into the salon, where a hundred of dear young faces behold me friendly, with sympathy, I felt so cheerful and familiar to all that surrounded me. I had at once so many words to say, so

many thoughts to express, so many feelings to discharge—that it was very hard to me to leave the dear society when it was announced, the horses were at the doorway.

"If words came as ready as ideas and feelings, I could say ten hundred kindly things."

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare; I would be friend to all—I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

"Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily? Help to bear thy brother's burden."

"Be noble! and the nobleness which lies in other men sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own. . ."

"When courage fails and faith burns low, and men are timid grown, hold fast thy loyalty, and know that truth still moveth on."

These golden words were suggested to me by the exquisite album, "Calendar of Friendship," received from a very dear friend of mine. I quote these golden words not only for their beauty and great consistence, but also for being experienced during all my life as an irrevocable truth, which alone lets us attain the step of consciousness which makes us truly happy.

After my visit at Wellesley I got many tokens of friendship and esteem from the part of its inhabitants. So the past summer I received a letter from Miss Scudder, to whom I send my hearty gratitude and love. Afterwards a letter from a young lady student, which letter is saved from peril, too. And lately I got a Psalm on the Christmas Day, as well as some interesting pictures which lie on my table to satisfy the curiosity of my large family.

I pray you both, elder and young ladies, pardon me for my long silence. I recognize my fault and feel ashamed. Oh! my ignorance of your beauty language makes me miserable very often. For I wish, I desire to speak with you, to correspond with the American women whom I esteem and admire now more than ever. Their energy in all they are undertaking is wonderful and is an example to the women of all the world. Accept my greetings, lovely ladies, and pardon,

Your friend,

CATHARINE BRESHKOVSKY.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

"MOTHER, I have to go!" The fatal words shot forth from the boy's white lips across the tense silence of the dimly-lit kitchen. The woman only pressed her lips into a firmer line as she bent her head closer over her darning to catch the last ray of light from the many-paned window. A figure cast a moment's shadow in passing along the echoing Henvel straat, and Mevrouw slowly lifted her eyes,—so like his own,—to the eager, questioning face of her boy. Steadily she scanned each feature of the tall, slight lad standing in rigid determination in the middle of the brick floor,—the set chin, the nostrils dilating as if with the scent of the salt air, the brown hair rumpled and damp on the broad, high forehead, and the fine dark eyes flashing the birth of will.

"Did you hear, mother? I am going."

"Yes, my son, I understand."

"Well—?"

Jan's eyes, as they searched his mother's inscrutable face, unconsciously grew softer, his brows relaxed, and his mouth grew less rigid.

"Muttertje,—you know I hate to leave thee, but the sea! Don't you understand? I love it, it calls me, the salt of it, the sails, the wind, the ropes, and the sea. Uh!" as he straightened up to his full height, "I am almost a man, and I want to take a man's place,—and a man's work is on the sea. It's all right for women and children and old men to stay at home, but I must go and be free on the open ocean! . . . Mother, mother dearest, let me go," then breaking off, "for if you won't, I will go anyway."

With this parting defiance Jan flung out of the room, and the mother, straining her ears in the kitchen below, heard his heavy, determined tread up the steep, straight stairs, then the click of the lifted latch, and then silence again. The shadows

lengthened along the dull bricks and deepened behind the door where the great-coats hung in shapeless masses. The warm glow from the stove called forth an answering ray of light from one of the rows of brightly polished coppers, or lit up the heavy silver coffee pot on the old mahogany dresser; while ceaselessly and relentlessly the great old timekeeper in the hall ticked on the minutes of the son's newly-acquired manhood.

The mother stirred a bit in her stiff chair, and tried to realize the dull pain that had made her drop her never-failing work. Ah, yes, her son, her littlest one, had become a man to-day. It had caught him too, that restless longing for the sea. It was in the blood from father to son. But then—what would she? All true Dutchmen follow the sea. But her baby,—she had let the others go, Piete and Gund. One was fine and prospering, though seldom home, and the other—. She had packed their homely belongings with loving care and wise mother thought, and then had bravely kissed each one good-bye. And oh! how lonely and sad had been the passing of the great brown-winged ships out of the Canalpoort into the Maas, and so on down to the sea; while she sat on a fallen stone from the crumbling wall, with choking throat and straining eyes, till not even a speck was visible on the horizon between the low, rich plains. But then she had come to her little Jan, and then her husband had been often home, but now his trips were two years' long,—would they take her last one, too? Oh! the unrelenting sea! And yet—she too, did love it! With a quick, impatient gesture of disgust with herself, the vrouw rose, and placing her basket of unfinished work on the sill, started preparations for supper. Katje would soon be down to help, and she must not find her mistress idle.

Soon the kettle began to hum, and a delicious odor of steamed honey-cake and coffee began to make its way out of the comfortable kitchen into the cold, narrow hall. Thoughts of the loved husband thousands of miles away, hazarding life in storms and calms, made the strong face paler, as the able mevrouw cut the black bread and the yellow Edam cheese, poured out the honey, and measured the heavy brown beans and fish for the supper. The ache of the long, weary weeks and months without the man she loved seemed to redouble at the thought that her baby must soon go, too. For go he must, and the wise mother knew that she could but help him on his way.

A step sounded on the stair, and the mother raised her head to listen. Could it be that he had changed? Folly! It was Katje coming down to get supper. As the maid's round, rosy face surmounted by its yellow hair and neat, frilled cap, appeared in the doorway, Mevrouw van Helden drew herself up to her usual reposeful dignity.

"The things are all ready on the side table, Katje," then with a flash of inspiration, "we will have our best port on the table to-night, Katje, and you might run over to Zoonmaker's and get a box of Zaudkoekjes to go with it. You will find money in the box on Mijnheer's bureau."

"Ja, mevrouw," bobbed Katji, and disappeared, wondering in her alert way, what festival was to be celebrated.

Downstairs the mother allowed herself one long moment of utter weakness, when she bowed her proud head on the old mahogany table and shook with sobs. Soon bowing with active resignation, she dried her eyes, took off her work apron, folded it carefully, and laid it away in the high mahogany chest in the corner, then slowly made her way upstairs. She paused a moment outside her son's door, but hearing nothing, went on heavily to her own.

Half an hour later, Mevrouw van Helden appeared again at the head of the stairs, just as Jan started out of his room. He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise, for his mother was arrayed as if for his father's return. Her small, shapely head was well set off by a close-fitting gold head-plate descended from her grandmother, and gleaming through a cap of rare old lace. Her dress, of handsome silk, was trimmed with priceless gems and costly lace held in place by a heavy diamond brooch. Diamond earrings hung from the small ears, and diamond pendants glittered at the temples. Wonderful heirlooms sparkled on fingers and wrists, but tears had brightened the eyes to rival the diamonds. Her cheeks were bright and pink, her dimples came and went. Katarina van Helden was almost a girl again!

She did not wait for her boy's stumbling admiration, though she murmured each

word of it over to her aching heart as she performed her lady's duty of setting the table. She laid the handsome damask cloth, and arranged the heavy silver and old Delft china; then she drew up the brass-bound mahogany tea-stove, and filled the silver cake-basket. Last of all she brought out the delicate wine glasses from the recesses of the well-filled closet, then drawing back, surveyed her table with just pride.

A tumbling step came down the uncarpeted stairs, the door creaked, and Jan, in his naval suit, strode up to his mother.

"Muttertje, what does this mean?"

With a sweeping curtesy and rustling of silk and jewels, Mevrouw bent in aristocratic grace before her son.

"In honor of your call to the sea, Mijnheer Janneman!"

CAROL PRENTICE, 1913.

V TO Z.

I USED to think it was romantic and interesting to be held by what novelists call a "horrible fascination." I fairly revelled in horror. I grew morbid over snakes and ghosts, and considered myself a very unusual girl, with a mystical, unfathomable nature.

But I was cured of all that by Janet Ware. Not that she fell under the spell of a horrible fascination voluntarily, but the fact that she was unconscious of what was going on within her did not prevent me from realizing what I must have been like when I was obsessed by one of my weird fancies.

It happened during spring vacation, while I was visiting Janet in New York. I had never been in New York before, so, of course, I was taken around to see all the sights. Mrs. Ware wished especially to have me see the Natural History Museum. It was so educational, she said. So one afternoon we went, and it was so interesting that I quite forgot about it's being educational, and enjoyed it immensely. Mr. Ware knew a man who was at the head of one of the departments there,—I've forgotten which, and he went around with us. As we had come quite late we weren't half through when it was time to close up the building, but, being with a person of authority, we didn't have to leave when the other people did. It was very gratifying to us to see how respectful the attendants were, and how the visitors who were being politely but firmly headed towards the door, envied us. We stayed quite a while, and looked at everything with much more interest than we would have shown otherwise.

After the closing of the building we all separated and looked at what we liked best. Pretty soon Mrs. Ware came up to me as I stood in rapt admiration before the big model of a mosquito, and said it was time to go home. She asked me where Janet was. I had no idea, and we hunted through all the rooms, calling, our voices sounding strange and dismal as they re-echoed through the great empty hallways and rooms filled with glass cases and prehistoric skeletons, which loomed up in the waning light in an appalling manner.

At last I found her in the Indian room, gazing intently into a case near the end of the room.

"Alice," she exclaimed, when she saw me approaching, "come here and look at these ghastly things!"

"What things?" I asked, a little crossly.

"Shrunken heads!" said Janet, "see them in there?" and she pressed her finger against the glass opposite a row of little human heads, brown and polished as if carved out of mahogany.

"What are they made of?" I asked.

"Made of? Why, they're real. Read that card there that tells all about them."

But I heard Mrs. Ware calling, and dragged Janet away, who explained excitedly as we went.

"They're South American Indians, and when they get their enemies they cut off their heads and take out all the bones and put in hot stones—"

"Janet!" I interrupted sternly, "how can you repeat such horrible things?"

"Well, it's true," said Janet, sulkily, "and it wasn't too horrible to print and stick up where everyone could read it."

However, she said no more about the heads until just before dinner, as she was hooking my dress up the back.

"Alice," and she laid her icy fingers on

my bare neck, "it has just come to me why their hair is so bushy." She waited a moment impressively, as I hastily glanced at my reflection in the glass, then at her own sleek head. Not noticing my bewilderment, she continued:

"You see, they all probably had enough hair for an ordinary sized head, and when they shrunk the heads, of course the hair couldn't shrink, and so it all stands out every which-way. That's what gives them that surprised look."

"Janet," I said, "I hope you aren't going to talk this way at the table; your mother wouldn't like it, you know."

"No," she replied, "mother doesn't like anything unpleasant, but I know you don't mind my talking about it to you because you're always so interested in anything weird."

When Janet said that, a horrible thought struck me. Was I responsible for her present state of mind? Janet is a very impressionable girl, and roommates often unconsciously grow to act alike, then why not think alike? Of course, she hadn't grown very morbid yet over this horrible subject, but I knew that when her enthusiasm was aroused about anything in particular, she would be absorbed by that one thing for days and days. Of course it was perfectly safe for me to feel a horrible fascination in certain things, because I have some control over myself, but I shuddered to think what would happen if Janet began to indulge in them, too.

But Janet didn't notice that I was worried, and as we descended the stairs, arm in arm, she chattered on about the all absorbing subject.

"My dear, they shake those heads with the hot stones in them for two weeks,—two weeks, just imagine,—"

"I don't believe it," I snapped, "no human being could shake anything two weeks without stopping."

"No one man did it," explained Janet, "they worked in shifts."

I gave her arm a warning squeeze as I caught sight of Mrs. Ware just entering the dining-room, and she dropped the subject for the time being. But all through dinner she seemed preoccupied and unusually quiet. Looking up suddenly I saw her eyeing her father's head intently. Now Mr. Ware is almost entirely bald, and the little fringe of hair that he has would be just enough if his head was the size of his feet. I knew well enough what Janet was thinking about, and it gave me a chill to see her cold, speculative gaze fixed upon her own father's head. I hoped I wouldn't ever catch her looking at me like that.

That night I woke myself up suddenly by accidentally biting my tongue. I felt more ease and quiet than is usual when one sleeps with Janet, so I stretched out my hand to her side of the bed. She was not there. I arose and hastened out to the top of the stairs. Leaning over the banister I could see that there was a light in the library. Thinking that it might possibly be Mr. Ware, I descended the stairs as quietly as possible and cautiously stole to the door. There on the floor sat Janet, with several volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica scattered about her. Not wishing to startle her, I coughed loudly to warn her. The cough was a good deal louder than I expected, and for a moment I thought I had awakened the whole house. But Janet looked up without a trace of surprise. There was a worried frown on her brow.

"I have looked under 'Heads' and 'South America,' 'and 'Indians,' and I can't find out anything more about them," she complained.

"You'll catch cold, come back to bed," I said, with chilly brevity. Then, thinking it might be well to humor her a little, I added, "I'll help you look it up in the morning."

She obediently followed me up to bed, where nothing but troubled dreams awaited me for the rest of the night.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning she made for the library.

"I'm going to look under the heading 'War,'" she said.

"I'll be with you as soon as I've written home," I replied sadly.

Half an hour later, when I entered the library, Janet was again seated on the floor, with the volume V to Z of the encyclopedia on her lap. My heart sank when I saw the rapt expression with which she read.

"She must have found it," I thought to myself.

Just then she looked up and saw me standing before her.

"My dear!" she cried, "did you ever hear of a man named Warbeck,—Perkin

Warbeck? People thought he was one of the princes in the tower, but he wasn't, and he married Catherine Gordon. It's awfully interesting, Alice, you ought toread it. I'm going to look up Catherine Gordon now."

I took the volume she handed me with a sigh of thanksgiving. Janet would never be a morbid person.

ALINE CHOWEN, 1913.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF JANE AUSTEN.

IS it with a feeling of pleasure or of discontent, of tastes gratified or ungratified, that I finish my reading of Jane Austen? What impressions half form themselves, what scenes, what characters drift again through my thoughts, or linger there until I shake them off? Are they pleasant or amusing? How vividly do the heroes and heroines play again their slender parts? It is thus that I judge a book, by what I retain after the book is closed, and now, after letting my thoughts have full sway, my silent contemplations upon Jane Austen's novels are forming themselves into words.

I am always interested and ready enough to follow Jane Austen's characters wherever they may lead, but there is no fascination in them for me. They are too conventional, sometimes too insipid or too inane, to fascinate. Throughout Jane Austen's work, it is types that we see, certain types reflected again and again, with, perhaps, an artful little change in intonation or mannerism. It is as if it were the same person with a change of garb; a bald attempt to mislead us. We cannot help being interested in them, in their oddly-garbed, proper persons, whom one would delight to shock,—they are so human, but ah,—so different from ourselves. Yet it is significant that we gaze at them and all their meager simple little actions, not as over a high barrier, but through a loophole in the wall, on the level of our eye. We do not have to climb to the top of the wall to see them. They amuse us, but they cannot hold us for any great length of time. The emotions which they produce in us are never the deepest emotions. It is because of the innate difference between them and us, a difference between people of a broader civilization and one narrower. We can never feel a secret love for the hero of the novel, or wish to be the image of the heroine. Our attitude may be described in saying that we must go half way to meet them. There cannot be this complete sympathy or perfect adjustment between our ideals and the characters of the book, for the reason that they are not enough like us.

The prime fault in Jane Austen's books is to me the utterly impossible and inhuman consistency of her types. To be so consistent a character throughout; if one is in the first place given a rather sarcastic tongue, to have every speech one makes in his lifetime sarcastic; to be unfailingly sarcastic, and never not to be sarcastic, is to me impossible. Mrs. Allen, in "Northanger Abbey," whose first appearance in the book is accompanied by a description of her character, ending thus, "Dress was her passion. She had a most harmless delight in being fine, and our heroine's entree into life could not take place till after three or four days had been spent in learning what was mostly worn and her chaperon was provided with a dress of the newest fashion." Hereafter every remark of this character turns upon dress; if rainy, her remark upon the weather ends with her distress at getting her gown muddy; if she is talking about morals, she includes a remark at the end about sprigged muslin. She invariably says, "It would have been very shocking to have it torn, would not it? It is such a delicate muslin. For my part, I have not seen anything I like so well in the whole room, I assure you." For one evening and one brief chapter she repeats five times, "I wish I had a large acquaintance here with all my heart, and then I should get you a partner. I should be so glad to have you dance," and "I wish you could dance, my dear. I wish you could get a partner." Not only does the author state that Mrs. Allen makes this remark every now and then, but she actually makes her say it five times. The idea of her being a bore is so perfectly carried out, that every time she speaks she bores us extremely. Something, I think, is sacrificed for this. As far as I have seen people, and in my experience, no

human being could so lack variety, or have such utter sameness. Even the stupidest, most inane character must vary, for the mere reason of the complexities in the make-up of the human mind. Mrs. Allen is flabby as she is portrayed; she has no mental quality, and this, I think, is impossible.

Elizabeth, in "Pride and Prejudice," interested me more than any other character, I think. She is more nearly spontaneous, less conventional than the majority of characters. Her feelings are subject to change. Indeed, she has quite frequently very human impulses, and is less given to being a type than most of the characters. Therefore she has not one trait which is always to be developed, but is, in fact, rational. She seems to me to be the real type of girl in Jane Austen's century.

We have spoken of the consistency throughout of the types. Thus Jane is wholly sweet, always unprejudiced, and always placing people and happenings in the light most favorable to all concerned. In order to show her of this type not once is she given an opposing characteristic. If just once she should speak unkindly or harshly of some one, I should like her ten times more. Lydia is always loud-spoken and coarse, always ready to flirt, always talking of the officers, always walking into Meryton. If, after her elopement, when she returns to her family, or at her aunt's before the wedding, she should repent or realize her misdemeanors for just one moment, I think she would be much more natural. As it is, it seems as though the author could not afford to let her do one little thing not in accordance with her frivolous, free-going nature. It does not seem to me that a human being can be always so consistent that his character can have but one phase. This, and the fact that there is an utter absence of moods, that there is no development of character, proves these characters of Jane Austen to be types. Judged as such, I think they are good.

So far, I find, I have referred almost wholly to the feminine characters. I do not know why I did this. It was evidently natural. Perhaps because I cannot understand the men characters so well. They are to me merely queer personages, not very well proportioned, very stilted and insincere, who walk rapidly to the heroine, hand her a letter, and agitatedly, or with a look of haughty composure, address her by saying: "I have been walking in the grove some time, in the hope of meeting you. Will you do me the honor of reading that letter?" and then, with a slight bow, turn again into the plantation, and are soon out of sight. They disappoint me always; they are neither very likeable or admirable, and their motives are sometimes the most ridiculous. A very rude type of gentleman is John Thorpe; the discontented, disagreeable type, Mr. Darcy; Mr. Bingley, so lacking in pride, self-respect or will, as to depend upon his friend's permission to marry Jane; and the stupidest of mortals, the pedantic, flattering Mr. Collins. James Morland is the most attractive to me of all the masculine characters in the novels which I have read.

I have called Mr. Darcy the discontented, disagreeable type of man. This he is very certainly in the first volume, until suddenly in the second his character undergoes a gradual but complete change. At the end of the book he is polite, agreeable, kind, respectful to all, the epitome of noble manhood. Those who know Mr. Darcy of the first volume realize these qualities to be the very opposite of those which he has to the extreme when first presented. The incongruity in the treatment of this one character, upon which the whole development of "Pride and Prejudice" depends, weakens the plot greatly. The plot is a mere thread. It might be the continuous story of the most commonplace happenings of a year or two in the heroine's life written in the simplest sequence.

When I consider that Jane Austen's characters are meant to be types, and how good an idea her novels give of the life of the time they portray, and finally, the amount of enjoyment I received from them, perhaps I shall think I have criticized too severely. Certainly I left them with the desire to read more, which cannot be itself other than a favorable criticism.

In spite of the faults which I have pointed out, and which, I think, one must certainly realize, there is much that is delightful, much that is real in the characters. Although one may not be aware of it, one has many opportunities to have his own particular foibles pointed at him. The author seems to me to take a particu-

larly wicked little delight in thrusting our faults at us. One can catch quick little glimpses of himself, and these glimpses are apt to be of his weaknesses. Jane Austen seizes petty human weaknesses and points them at us. If we are seeing we recognize them. She gives a foolish little design of the heroine's, very girlish, interpreted in quite a different light than I have before considered it, and at once it comes to me that it is mine, not the heroine's. I have felt this more than once; it is the same power which Dickens has, and I call it a humorous power, of surprising one with little emotions, thoughts which he has cherished for a long time as his own, or humorous funny little happenings in life which he has thought his eyes alone have seen, which he has laughed at alone.

RUTH STONE, 1915.

ON BALSAM CREEK.

MY stop was to be the next one, and I felt that I was indeed approaching the jumping-off place. We had been climbing steadily, following the course of a brawling, companionable little river, filled with rocks and tiny islands. Now we had left it, and were in that beautiful unspoiled wilderness of the mountains and forests of western North Carolina.

The tiny, forlorn-looking station was perched upon the edge of a cliff and a road descended precipitately on the left. Within the station was an official who greeted me with "Howdy," and I asked him if he knew of anyone coming from Troublesome Creek to meet the new teacher. "Feller down yonder waitin' fer ye," he said, but as I turned, a tall mountain youth was approaching me. "I reckon I've come to fetch you up yonder," he said simply and I liked him at once. "The critters is up the road a piece," he went on. "Hit ain't safe to ride down hyer. Them horses ain't never seen an engine, and they might run onto the track. A man's did, oncet."

He started in a long swinging stride, his short jacket bobbing, down the steep road, and I followed him. A walk along the bank of a little stream soon brought us to the place where a horse and a mule stood, saddled, at the side of the road. "Hold still, thar, now, Pete," he said while I mounted. Then he sprang upon his vicious-looking mule and we started our ride of fifteen miles.

For most of the way the road wound gradually upward, but sometimes it was so steep that the saddles creaked as the horses strained to the top of a rise. Sometimes we passed among great pines through whose tops the afternoon sun filtered, filling the cool, dark woods with an amber glow; sometimes our way lay along a creek splashing over its rocky bed under overhanging laurels. But oftenest our road was on the mountain side. Above us on the left, rose pines or rhododendrons, and below us fell the cliffs, leaving clear a glorious view over some valley.

We rode for the most part in silence. I had that feeling of pleasurable excitement which attends a real adventure. I expected to find this new experience to which I was coming, entirely romantic, and by romantic, I meant quite idyllic and picturesque. I had heard that the Southern mountaineers were of Scotch-Irish descent, the purest stock in our country; that they lived among their mountains cut off from all the world and a hundred years behind the times in progress and customs; that they were a reserved, hospitable, loyal people of real mountaineer blood and temperament. That was all I knew of them—a few empty phrases. But before the day ended I was to have my unreal fancies swept clean away, and I was later to find this, my lotus land, which was not to lull me into forgetfulness of the outside world by its pure beauty and joy, but to awaken me as much by its barrenness and hopelessness as by its romance.

So I speculated, quite elated, about this adventure of mine. It was seldom we met anyone in the road. We passed a few logging teams, carrying the stripped bodies of splendid pines bound to the wagon frame by clanking iron chains. Two women rode by us on large mules, their calico sunbonnets flapping; and we met a little mountain lad, bareheaded and barefooted, trudging along with a fishing pole

over his shoulder, and a string of tiny brook trout in his hand. They all gave us "howdy" or "good-evenin,'" and stared a little curiously at me.

The sun was setting in a glory behind the mountain as we were riding through the Lone Gap. I shall never forget the sudden lonely feeling I had when the day began to wane. At the foot of Lone Gap we came to a ford and paused a moment. "Hits pretty flush. A little more rain, yestiddy an' hit ud a been past fordin'. You follow right close after me," and we started in. The ford was perhaps thirty feet wide and the water swirled about the horses' shoulders. The sensation was so pleasant that I laughed when I discovered that my left foot was under water. "Hits a good sign. When a man wets his feet in Balsam, it means he won't never leave this country to stay long. He's bound to come back agin' afore he dies an' if he cain't git back, it 'pears like he cain't stand the longin' fer hit."

The approach to our journey's end was indicated by the Troublesome Creek schoolhouse near the point where the Troublesome swept into the Balsam. It was a rough building which seemed to be shrinking from observation among the pines. Deserted enough it looked, with its four blank windows on either side and the steps leading up to a closed door in front of which was tacked a yellow paper somewhat weather-stained. I rode up to the sign to read: "To all who hit may concern. There will bee a meating on Friday at early candlelight for the purpis of chusing a school teacher."

I was the result of that "meating." Hope and fear surged over me when I looked at the scene of my labors; I felt alone in a strange land.

It was "nigh on to early candle light" when we reached the long, low, roughly-built house set among large chestnut trees. It seemed a welcome haven of rest to me when I caught sight of it. Through an open door I could see cheerfully blazing logs. The smoke rose steadily in the darkening air from the great stone chimneys at each end of the house. An inexpressibly delicious odor of cooking things greeted us. I was tired, but excited when we drew rein at the porch and someone came to welcome me.

"Thar, now, I reckon you're plumb wearied. Light right down an' git in t'the fire. I'm right proud t'see ye. I'm Miss Marthy." I replied as gratefully as I felt, and "lit down." It was growing dusk, but I could see her face by the firelight as she drew me in, — a thin, wrinkled face, weather worn, and not beautiful, but with the kindest eyes I ever saw. She made me comfortable, and skilfully poked the logs. The firelight revealed in the opposite corners of the room two enormous four-poster beds, resplendent in scrap quilts of what I learned later was the "eight ways of contrariness" pattern. It danced fitfully on the high home-made bureau in another corner, and added to the cheerfulness of several bright colored calendars and livid chromos on the rough boarded walls.

"I reckon supper's nigh ready if you'll jest step out," Miss Marthy said presently. The table, in the next room, was a large one and laid with a spotless cloth, the creases very much in evidence. I was made acquainted with Lodusky, a pretty girl who helped Miss Marthy wait on the table, and with a little group of speechless men, ranging in age from sixteen to sixty; then we all sat down. Shall I ever forget that supper,—fried chicken, roast potatoes and gravy, biscuits brought hot to the table every two or three minutes, jelly and coffee. After the first shock of being asked rather doubtfully by Miss Marthy if I wouldn't "say something," and then saying it as well as I could, we all attacked the meal. There was little talk, for it seemed unneccessary, and out of place.

The meal was almost over when a rider galloped up to the open door and flung himself off his horse. He glanced curiously at me as he entered the room, and then spoke to Miss Marthy. "Sol Cougle's Finessy's gone," he said. "Kin you come over thar? Sol lowed Miry'd take a heap o' comfort out o' your comin'."

"Yes, I'll come" said Miss Marthy. "Won't ye take something t'eat, Buck?"

"No, I got to git over the gap t' tell Sol's folks," and he was gone.

In half an hour, Miss Marthy and I were walking over the little trail that led up through the woods behind the house. A slip of moon was just setting, and I can remember still, the keen frosty air of the spring night. Miss Marthy had taken for granted that I would go with her.

On the way, she explained that Finessy was Sol Cougle's "littlest un," had been "nigh dyin" for several days. No one knew "whar she was hurtin' at, peared like it was her head." I asked about the other children. They were Boney and Coepi, and the names, it appeared, had been variously collected. Boney was short for Napoleon Bonaparte, Coepi was from a "day book," and Finessy off a flour sack.

We suddenly came upon a clearing on the mountain side, and saw a light in a tiny one-roomed cabin. I paused a second before following Miss Marthy in, to look back at the wide view below me,—the creek winding through a valley and wooded mountains far off closing us in from the outside world. A wood fire and one flaring lantern hung upon the wall, lit up the room full of people. On the bed in the corner lay a little child, covered except for the face. Beside her sat the mother, crying and talking wildly by turns.

"Oh, Lord, my baby's gone" she sobbed; "Coepi, you ain't got a little sister no more. You'll have to play alone now. Oh Lord, oh Lord," and the mother sobbed the more loudly and excitedly. Other women were gathered about her and near the fire sat an aged woman chewing tobacco and gazing into the flames with sphinx-like absorption. Men sat, silent, in straight-backed chairs about the fire or leaned against the wall. Several lean yellow dogs lay on the floor or skulked about, and a curious sound under the bed proved to be a lean little porker, rooting about. Miss Marthy brought me a chair. Then she talked in a low voice with a man who I decided must be the father. The mother took no notice of her or of me. A baby began to cry and the mother hushed it beneath her shawl. I felt strange and uncomfortable and without any knowledge of the etiquette to be observed on such an occasion.

Presently some one began to sing and the others took it up.

"Think how many prayers have been offered up for you,
Often while you slept, dear mother's tears did flow,
Turn and seek salvation or soon t'will be too late,
Don't you want to go-o? Don't you want to go?"

Someone passed me a book, "The Windows of Heaven," and the singing went on. After the song, an aged man got up from his seat by the fire. He reminded me of Abraham, his eyes so piercing and black under bushy brows, his beard as white as snow. After looking slowly about him he began to talk with unmistakable sincerity. No one moved from his previous position. I scarcely noticed his evident use of tobacco, so interested did I become in his words. He made no attempt at flowery rhetoric; his simple illustrations were from the pines and the streams. He told us his experience of how it pleased the Lord to reveal his Son to him, speaking to him as he did to Paul on the way to "Damasticks." His text he could not tell us,— "nor jest whar it were in the Book, fer he hadn't tuck time t' look it up. It was one the Lord give him last night when he was layin' on his bed." Except for a few sentences there was little in his discourse directly appropriate to the time and place. He was an unlearned man, but he knew men and nature and God. Perhaps he talked for an hour; I had no idea of the time, for my curiosity had changed to interest, and my interest to respect.

After he had stopped speaking, we sang another hymn—"We have fathers who have gone on before." In the next verse the mothers went on, and so on till the whole family had passed. The chorus was "We will lay down the Bible and go home." By the third verse I had learned the tune and began to sing too. I was sorry when we reached the last verse and people began to go. Miss Marthy and I walked home in silence over the trail. I felt that quiet but exultant happiness which one feels when the soul is awake and fairly quivering with life. I had come among a strange people who lived and thought and hoped very differently from any I had known. What wisdom, what experience, what love, must a person have who would help them; what tact and sympathy. They needed light, and in my youthful arrogance and boundless hope I thought that I might be an instrument in bringing that light,—a little of it.

That was my first night on Balsam. I fell asleep in one of the great feather beds at Miss Marthy's after watching for a long while the dying fire opposite me and

thinking about my strange evening. The last sounds I heard were the gentle murmur of the creek, the lonely, eerie cry of a owl in the woods, and the distant tinkle of a cow bell.

The months that followed were not easy ones. I had far too much to learn to be able to take the place that I had hoped for. But I was given first a welcome and then a love, of which it always makes me happy to think. The school was a mixture of joy and sore trial for all of us. The children came trudging barefooted over the trails, carrying large dinner pails. The boys wore faded overalls and ragged straw hats; the girls faded gingham dresses and sunbonnets. They all had freckles and dirty hands. School began in the morning with lusty singing, followed by a complex routine of different classes for five grades in reading, writing and arithmetic and spelling. The classes one after another left their seats very loth, and took their places on the long bench in front of my table. Some of the older boys aspired to Latin, and this class was listened to by the entire school with an amused interest. So in school hours they studied as best they could and at recess played and whooped and fought. But I must confess that I was always glad at the day's end when the little groups disappeared among the pines on their homeward way.

It was a fall day when I left Balsam. I woke early in the morning with a sense of having remembered, as it were, through my sleep that to-day I should leave the sweet seclusion of the mountains and the kindly folk there.

It rained heavily all day, and as we rode along the trail the leaves fell and fell slowly to the ground. The sweet odor of the autumn woods were freshened and intensified by the wetness and chill in the air. I left behind me one familiar turn after another. When I passed Miss Marthy's hospitable home I wanted to "light down" and linger just one more day, so whole-heartedly did I love this country.

I felt that I understood the people, somewhat, now. I had seen them fight with nature to raise scanty crops of corn on hillsides so steep that they had to be hoed instead of plowed. I had seen how some of these mountain lads and lasses longed for a taste of the outside world of freedom and learning, in vain. I had seen their passionate side one terrible night after a "fodder pullin,'" when all the neighbors were gathered in to help and make merry over the harvest, and "moonshine" gained control over them, ending the frolic in anger and bloodshed. I had seen the dreary monotony of lives that had so little conception of a larger life of thought and hope. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." I long for vision to come to that brave strong people in the mountains of Balsam Creek.

HELEN DEAN FISH.

HELLAS.

Where the Ilissus flows, the skies are bright
And godlike mountains, snow-tipped half the year,
Cover their feet in the Ægean clear,
Whose stormy waves are amethyst and white;
A rosy luster paints the purple height
Of Helicon; her Muses venture near;
The nightingale's sweet music, sad to hear,
Quivers along the perfumed glades by night.
My heart is listless and my languid eyes
Linger across the hills; love long asleep
Wakens again with springtime ecstasy.
In Arcady sweet shepherd love still lies,
In Thessaly are fairy waters deep.
Apollo haunts the fount Callirrhoe.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1912.

MISS EVERTS' READING.

Rarely has Wellesley College had a more charming entertainment than the reading by Miss Katherine Jewell Everts of Mrs. Marks' prize play, "The Piper." The evening of Monday, April 15, saw College Hall Chapel filled with an audience ready and eager to hear Miss Everts, whose former reading was so thoroughly enjoyed two years ago.

Of the play itself much has been said and written since its appearance. Dainty, witty, of wistful charm and exquisite workmanship, it holds the hearer spellbound from the first word to the last. Miss Everts, with marvelous sensibility, slipped from one part into another without a jar or break,—from pompous, wheezing burgher to ecstatic, squeaking children; from the thin-voiced old dame to the tender, whimsical Piper.

Perhaps at first her use of gestures startled some of her audience, and perhaps before the end the use of the same gestures grew a little monotonous, but certainly whatever of action was introduced served to weld the parts together as well as to individualize them, and to prevent abruptness of transition from one to another.

Her voice was a pleasure in itself,—so deep, flexible and mellow. One had but to close her eyes to see the company of burghers and children, women and strolling players, as one after another put his word into the conversation. Surely her reading was a privilege to all those who heard her.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASS'N PRIZE.

The College Settlements Association offers a prize of $25 for the best essay on College Settlements. The paper should be between fifteen hundred and two thousand words in length, and should be written, of course, on one side of the paper only. It may deal with any one of the following topics:

"The History of the Settlement Movement" (in general).

"The History of the Settlement Movement in the United States."

"History and Work of the College Settlements Association."

"The Social Significance of Social Settlements."

"The Ideal Social Settlement."

"Varieties of Type Among Social Settlements."

"The Relation of Social Settlements to Social Reform."

"The Relation of Social Settlements to Neighborhood Betterment."

"The Relation of Social Settlements to Industrial Education."

The literature on the subject is considerable; to this Woods and Kennedy, "Hand-book of Settlements," 1911, will serve as a guide. Special attention is called to Miss Addams' "Twenty Years at Hull House," and to the essays on settlements in

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"Philanthropy and Social Progress" (Crowell, 1892), and to her "Democracy and Social Ethics." The annual reports of the College Settlements Association and of individual settlements contain much information.

The prize is open to all undergraduates of Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Wells, Packer, Cornell, Swarthmore, Elmira, Goucher, Barnard and Mt. Holyoke.

The paper should be submitted before May first to Miss Eleanor H. Johnson, 37 Madison Avenue, New York City.

PHI SIGMA PROGRAM MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was held Saturday evening, April 20. The work represented was an experiment in the study of Italian Folklore, the program being as follows:

1. PAPER: "The Sources for Italian Folk-lore; Their Difficulties"...Geraldine Howarth, 1913
2. PAPER: "A Sketch of the Manners, Customs, Occupations, Festivals, Superstitions, etc., of the Italians as Shown in Their Folk lore," Nell Zuckerman, 1912
3. PAPER: "The Different Religions Influencing the Italians, Including the Introduction of Christianity.....Edith Sackett, 1912
4. A Scene, laid in Italy at the early Christian era, "The Uncrossed Jar," written by Marjorie Sawyer, 1912, with the assistance of Florence Webster, 1912.

Place: A shepherd's hut.

Characters:

A Shepherd.....Gertrude Clarkson, 1912
The Shepherd's Aged Sister, Gertrude Schauffler, 1913
The Shepherd's Daughter.....Delia Smith, 1912
A Wayfarer.....Mary Colt, 1913
A young devotee of Bacchus, Dorothy Conner, 1912

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PROGRAM MEETING, SOCIETY ALPHA KAPPA CHI.

On Saturday evening, April 20th, Society Alpha Kappa Chi held a program meeting. Selections from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Taurica" (Arthur S. Way's translation), were given with the following cast:

Iphigenia.....Elizabeth Bryant
Orestes.....Isabel McCready
Pylades.....Alice Dexter
Thoas.....Christine Thorndike
Athena.....Mildred Holmes
Herdsman.....Marguerite Pearsall
Messenger.....Marie Dubuque
Leader of Chorus.....Marion Corliss
Chorus, citizens, attendants of king.

A short summary of Professor Murray's Lowell Institute Lectures on the "Form of Greek Tragedy" was also given.

ZETA ALPHA PROGRAM MEETING. APRIL 20.

PAPERS:

"Report from the Modern Stage World." Olive Tripp

"August Strindberg: a Comparison with Maurice Maeterlinck.....Bessie McClellan

SCENES:

"Pelleas and Melisande."

Act I, Scene II.
Goland.....Louise Ufford
Melisande.....Alice Paine

Act II, Scene I.
Pelleas.....Alice Ross
Melisande.....Alice Paine

TAU ZETA EPSILON PROGRAM MEETING

At an invitation meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, on Saturday, April 20, Mary L. Ferguson was received into membership. At the program meeting, Miss Sewall of Newton played from "Parsifal."

EDITH C. ERSKINE,
Corresponding Secretary Tau Zeta Epsilon.

FOR SALE.

Mission table and chairs in good condition. See Katherine Mortensen, 362 College Hall, or Dorothy Drake, 231 College Hall.

Some very interesting examples of Mr. Henry Havelock Pierce's portraits are on exhibition at the COLLEGE BOOKSTORE. Do not fail to see them.

1912-1913 BASEBALL GAME.

On Monday, April 22, the baseball game was played off between 1912 and 1913, in the gymnasium. A much-excited crowd of spectators witnessed the game, applauding it with songs and cheers. Both teams were in good form and played with skill and enthusiasm. The line-ups were as follows:

1912.

Anne Christenson, c.
Edith Sackett, p.
Martha Charles, 1b.
May Gorham, 2b.
Helen Davis, 3b.
Alecia Brown, l.ss.
Elizabeth Allbright, r.ss.
Dorothy Hart, r.f.
Alice Colburn, l.f.
Helen White, (Capt.)

1913.

Gladys Dowling, g.c.
Ada Herring, p.
Stella Ream, 1b.
Janet Moore, 2b.
Elizabeth Brown, 3b.
Esther Balderston, l.ss.
Marjorie Cowee, r.ss.
Lina Carr, r.f.
Florence McCreadie, l. f. (Capt.)
Coach, Mr. Murray.

The score was 15 - 13 in the Juniors' favor. Captain McCreadie was presented with the Championship Cup, for the year, amidst many shouts of joy. Martha Charles, President of the Athletic Association, then awarded W's to the following people:

1912—Elizabeth Allbright, Martha Charles, Helen Davis, Edith Sackett.

1913—Elizabeth Brown, Marjorie Cowee, Gladys Dowling, Ada Herring, Stella Ream.

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Dr.

To Chinese Famine Fund	$450.00	
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(Signed) ROXANA H. VIVIAN, Treasurer.
April 20, 1912.

I have examined the above account and find the same correctly cast and fully vouched.

(Signed) EDITH S. TUFTS, Auditor.

LOST.

Wednesday night, April 24, a platinum bar pin set with diamonds, an inch and a quarter long. Finder please return to Elizabeth Hirsh, 21 Freeman, or to Registrar's Office.

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All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Helen G. Logan, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest will be received by Miss Kathlene Burnett, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All Alumnæ News should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

All business communications should be sent to Miss Frances Gray, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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EDITORIALS.

AFTER ELECTIONS—WHAT?

Election time is a great time, isn't it? You look surprised and a little bored at the query. Your mind may turn to Taft, wondering if he thinks so, or you may smile and say you imagine Roosevelt thinks so, or you may wonder if Woodrow Wilson will think so after it is over and done.

But here, at college, we get the election spirit leaning over the second floor of Center, helping on the mad cheering; in passing the much-gazed-at ballot slips in the Students' Parlor of College Hall; in congratulatory fragments of conversation floating around the halls; and even in the smile of the florists.

Did you ever really ponder over what it is,—wondering just what it was that it could infuse so much excitement, enthusiasm and spirit into everyone? It means that out of a great number one girl has been selected for her particular office, and the "great number" is glad and proud of its choice, and means to support that girl and to stand behind her.

Doesn't it give you an optimistic feeling to think that, year in and year out, the duties of the various student parts of college organization are being shouldered willingly and gladly by girls who have been adjudged competent by the college at large? There is always someone, able and willing to lend a hand where it is needed. These newly-elected officers are doing just that,—they are stepping into the breach and pledging themselves to try to supply a need and to do their part to the best of their ability. Consequently, we owe them the duty of support and co-operation.

With beautiful surroundings, wise leaders and self-government, Wellesley comes very near to being the ideal commonwealth, provided we add that important factor, co-operation. Don't think that simply because you have elected officers that your duty is done. They are bound to need you and the help you can give sooner or later; so don't hold back. Don't look hurt, surprised or busy when called on,—but lend a hand, if it's nothing more than keeping the elevator table.

HEROISM.

Perhaps you have heard people argue that the world is growing steadily worse. Perhaps you have thought so yourself after some particularly unpleasant experience. Still I feel sure that no one could

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have read the accounts of the Titanic's disaster without changing her opinion.

In a way, just to read of the matter, terrible and heart-sickening as it was, is little short of inspiring. To think of the heroism there displayed, heroism in which neither rank, nor wealth, nor distinction, made a difference, heroism where no gallery play had a thought; heroism pure and simple,—innate in every man, answering bravely and nobly when the trial came, would shame anyone who dared to misjudge humanity with sceptical regard.

Heroism has advanced a step before our very eyes. Instead of raising the cry, "What is the world coming to?" let us sound the proud chorus, "What HAS the world come to!!" For the spirit of bravery, simple and unostentatious, the nobleness of action and the inspiring heroism of those men upon the sinking Titanic has shown the heights which human nature is capable of reaching when the test comes. It has raised the standard of humanity and has set before us a higher and more sublime ideal toward which we may strive.

HARVARD MUSICAL CLUB CONCERT.

It is probably of interest to the undergraduates to know that the Harvard University Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs are giving a concert in Wellesley Town Hall on the evening of Thursday, May 2, 1912. The clubs have had a successful tour through many of the large Western cities, where their concerts were highly praised. Their repertoire includes many stunt pieces, such as "Nellie's Revenge," a burlesque on a moving-picture show, "That Mysterious Rag," "Since Pa Has Bought a Limousine," etc., all of which will be given Thursday evening.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, May 2, on the College Green, 3.00 P.M., alternate date for May Day.

Friday, May 3, College Hall Chapel, 4.30 P.M., Mrs. Ellor C. Ripley, Assistant Superintendent of Boston Public Schools. Subject: "Opportunities for College Graduates in the Grade Schools."

Saturday, May 4, Barn, 7.30 P.M. Barnswallows.

Sunday, May 5, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11.00 A.M. Address by Dr. S. V. V. Holmes, Buffalo, N. Y.

7.00 P.M. Address by Dr. Cornelius H. Patten: "Africa, a Demonstration of Christianity."

Monday, May 6, Billings Hall, 7.30 P.M., Students' Orchestra Concert.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Martha Hale Shackford has an article in the English Journal for April: "A Partial Substitute for the Theme." The fatigue which overpowers the teacher who reads many hundreds of mediocre themes, and the pupil's natural aversion to writing original compositions, together present a grave question with regard to the advisability of so much theme writing. Miss Shackford suggests as a partial substitute the occasional requirement of copying an extract from some great literary master and analyzing the extract from a useful, if mechanical, point of view. This method would bring the pupil into close contact with great English, and would induce him to consider the excellences of prose style.

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Recording Secretary: Elizabeth Metcalf, 1915.
Corresponding Secretary: Carolyn Taylor, 1915.
Chairman Missionary Committee: Miss Merrill.
Chairman Religious Meetings: Miss Kendrick.
Chairman Social Committee: Dorothy Gostenhofer, 1914.
Chairman Bible Study Committee: Marjorie Day, 1914.
Chairman Mission Study Committee: Elizabeth McConnaghy, 1914.
Chairman General Aid Committee: Marjorie Peck, 1914.
Chairman Extension Committee: Emily Walker, 1914.

CORRECTION.

In the issue of the MAGAZINE number of the COLLEGE NEWS for April, 1912, we wish to correct the following errors in the article entitled "The Importance of the Study of Modern Languages," by Professor Colin:

On page 7 the last paragraph should read: "Among the courses open to graduates in the Department of French, there are several which, as majors, may be combined with other courses in the Departments of Latin, Italian, Spanish, English Language and Literature, History and Sociology, Art and Science, for related minors." Also, page 7, fifth line from end of second paragraph: "who shall have condensed" should be corrected to "bring to them."

1914 ELECTIONS.

1914 Member of Student Government Board: Frances Williams, 1914.

Assistant Business Manager of 1913 Legenda: Dorothea Havens, 1914.

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This new school for the training of librarians will hold its entrance examinations for the year 1912-13 on June 11, from 9 A.M., to 1 P.M., and from 2 to 6 P. M., in the schoolroom, No. 73, of the main library building at the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. Applicants among college students unable to absent themselves on that day may take the examination in the college library, if the librarian expresses a willingness to conduct it.

It is desirable that Juniors and Seniors looking forward to this work should begin to shape their college course toward this end.

The principal will be glad to advise with applicants on any week day, except Saturday, or will meet them by appointment on Saturday, if she can conveniently do so.

A descriptive circular may be had by applying to Miss M. W. Plummer, Principal, 476 Fifth Avenue.

WELLESLEY GOLF CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the Golf Club on April 23, in the club house, the following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT.....Lois Kendall
VICE-PRESIDENT.....Florence Carder
SECRETARY-TREASURER.....Helen Herrick
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE..... { Miss Edwards / Anne Hogeland

All girls who wish to play on the links and are not in the organized sport, may do so by paying the club membership fee of $1.00.

CAMPUS NOTES.

The present Editorial Board question if it is generally known that copies of the NEWS and MAGAZINE, beginning with the year 1903, are bound into volumes containing the issues for each college year, and are kept in the NEWS Office, for the reference of any member of the college interested.

The large attendance and enthusiastic interest shown at the recent baseball game between 1912 and 1913 is illuminating as to the tastes of Wellesley girls, and bids fair to make this "new" sport one of Wellesley's most popular ones.

The fountain of Longfellow Pond and the outdoor "bubbles" are again running, as conclusive proof that spring is really here!

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTICE.

The speaker on May fifth, at the vesper service, will be Rev. Cornelius H. Patten, D.D., Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Patten returned last winter from an extended tour of mission stations. His subject will be: "Africa, a Demonstration of Christianity."

DOROTHY M. GOSTENTEDFER,
Secretary of Missionary Committee.

LOST.

Will the person who took by mistake, a short black silk umbrella, with a knobbed handle, (upon the side of which are carved the initials M. K.) from the umbrella rack in chapel, on Friday morning, March 29, 1912, please return to, or notify the owner, Marcia Kerr, 15 Freeman?

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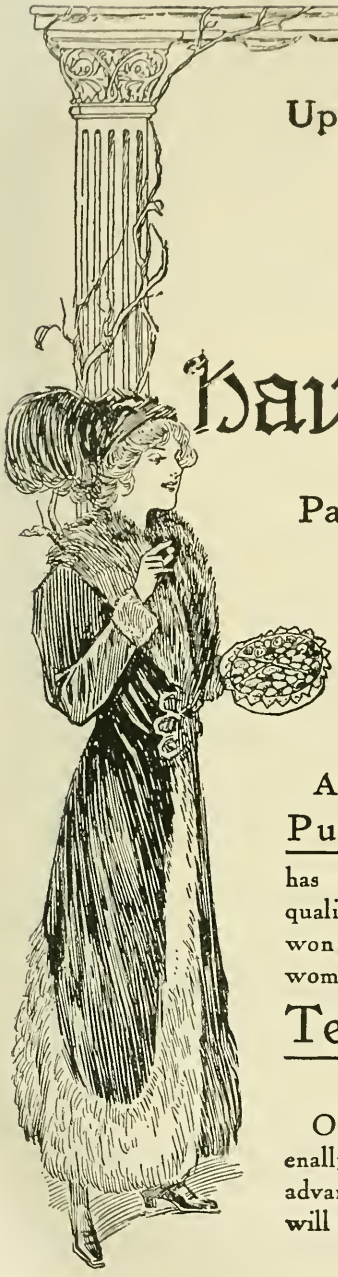

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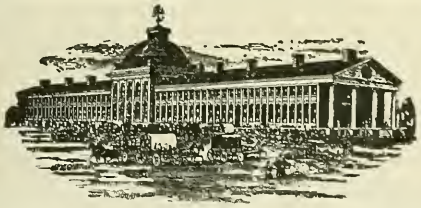

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